three's a crowd

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three's a crowd

by YourMinecraftBoyfriend

Summary

He'd have to be a fool to believe that Hannibal was above the desires of the flesh, the control it would allow him, the sway it would give him over another. Simply by watching the man walk and talk, Will knew he was experienced, and there was no way Alana would settle for a less-than-stellar lay.

So it wasn't to say that he'd never considered Hannibal and sex existing in the same space, but he'd never considered Hannibal and sex in relation to him.

Specifically, Hannibal having sex with him.

He wasn't sure if the shudder that shot down his spine was fueled by fear or arousal. For his sanity's sake, he hoped it was fear.

Will gets roped into agreeing to a threesome with Hannibal and Alana. He tries to convince himself that he agreed because he wants to be with her, but as his jealousy spikes for all the wrong reasons, he's not so sure.

Notes

ik title is cliche not my fault it fits

See the end of the work for more notes

This hadn't seemed so intimidating standing in Hannibal's kitchen. Alana's trusting eyes and the sharp challenge in Hannibal's had basically propelled him into the bed the pair had christened more times than Will cared to think. Honestly, the whole situation was absurd, he wasn't even sure how he ended up here in the first place.

Except he did, precisely and without a shred of misgiving. His stomach was full, the wine had slightly loosened his reservations — not enough to cause issue, but enough to consider possibilities — and Alana had grabbed his hand at the same time she grabbed Hannibal's.

She was just as captivating as the day they met. All that soft skin, dark hair, and piercing eyes that saw every good part of him that he tried to show the world, and often failed. She was Hannibal's opposite in almost every regard. When she turned to him and said "we have a proposition for you" he was helpless, he could only acquiesce. At least this might give him a chance to be with the woman Hannibal had forced from him in some regard, perhaps Will might even have the opportunity to drive a wedge between the two of them.

His flimsy reasoning seemed to fall apart the second the door to Hannibal's master bedroom closed behind them. Will hadn't wanted to consider the third participant in this endeavor, but his presence was all around them, somehow even more than it had been in the general confines of the man's home.

The thoughts of 'Hannibal' and 'sex' together was a foreign concept, not that he couldn't see the appeal. The man exuded a certain bravado that drew people to him like doomed moths to a flame, and his body was composed entirely of ropy muscle, padded by years of living comfortably — an ideal in any sense. He'd have to be a fool to believe that Hannibal was above the desires of the flesh, the control it would allow him, the sway it would give him over another. Simply by watching the man walk and talk, Will knew he was experienced, and there was no way Alana would settle for a less-than-stellar lay.

So it wasn't to say that he'd never considered Hannibal and sex existing in the same space, but he'd never considered Hannibal and sex in relation to him.

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He wasn't sure if the shudder that shot down his spine was fueled by fear or arousal. For his sanity's sake, he hoped it was fear.

Alana hadn't let go of his hand since they left the dining room. Hannibal had trailed behind them, silent as a ghost. At first Will hadn't even realized he was following, hoping against their established agreement that Hannibal would leave the night's activities to just the two of them, but as Will turned his head, he'd seen his silent steps following them up the stairs in his own home, on their way to his own bed. Alana couldn't see the predatory smile he gave, centered solely on Will, as if he was debating forgoing the whole evening and simply swallowing him whole.

Another shiver had gone down Will's back. It landed in his gut where it stoked the gentle flames that he promised himself Alana's presence had started.

Fear and arousal sat in the same part of his brain, Will rationalized, in this circumstance it was understandable that he'd get his wires crossed.

Alana's gentle hands brought him back to the present moment. She pulled him towards the bed — Hannibal perched on the other side, not touching, simply observing for the moment.

"Are you sure, Will?" This was the fifth time she'd asked tonight. Each time he debated saying no, allowing the strange torment to go on no further, but then his thoughts would jump to what the night would still bring if he was not there. With or without his involvement, the sweet press of skin would still occur. At least with him here as a barrier, he could prevent the worst of it for a night, save Alana the eventual pain once she realized just who she was letting inside her.

As if those thoughts weren't enough to keep him rooted in place — every time Alana asked the question, Hannibal's attention would turn scalding. His challenging gaze that dared Will to back down, back away from the night's game, kept him more firmly resolute than any desire to stave off Alana's hurt. Perhaps his competitive nature, that innate desire to triumph over Hannibal's machinations, wasn't the healthiest reason to sleep with the man, but it was the one that his brain had already decided to pursue.

He knew he was being maneuvered right where Hannibal wanted him, but he still couldn't bring himself to care. The battleground for tonight was in this bedroom, he'd only be laying defeat upon Hannibal's doorstep if he left now.

He nodded, intentionally not letting his eyes stray towards Hannibal, though he could feel his intense gaze as if he was caressing him instead of Alana.

She smiled sweetly, clearly pleased that she couldn't detect his hesitation. He'd probably been spending too much time around Hannibal if he was getting this good at hiding his emotions.

She pushed him back on the bed, allowing him to bring her down on top of him. His hands stayed upon her waist as she straddled his lap, letting out a sweet sigh as he pulled her closer. Her own confidence was easy to sink into, easy to leech off of. Between her surety in her own body, the knowledge that she wasn't afraid to take what she wanted from him, from both of them, and Hannibal's unwavering attention, he was beginning to feel flooded. Arousal that was partly his and partly theirs merged inside him in a warm miasma that had his mouth watering and thighs quivering.

With one swift tug, her dress came off in a gentle wave. The soft fabric sailed through the air and landed in a heap near the door. Hannibal didn't track its movement, in fact, his gaze didn't stray once to the newly exposed skin.

It'd been so long since Will was physically intimate with another person, perhaps it wasn't the smartest move to jump right into a threesome, but it's not like he had time to prepare himself in advance. The dinner invitation tonight had seemed in no way salacious, though in retrospect, the glances Alana had been shooting Hannibal throughout the meal should have raised red flags.

Her nimble fingers swiftly undid the buttons of Will's dress shirt — one of the few unstained clothing items he owned — exposing his skin to the warmth of Hannibal's room. Alana's fingers were warm, sensuous as they dragged along the revealed skin. She was so alive, active where he remained frozen. His grip on her hips seemed to stir her on, perhaps she could sense his desperation more than his hesitance.

He kept expecting her touches to roughen, to speed up and press down into him to force him out of uncertainty, but they never did. She intentionally kept her pace gentle, sedated, trying to coax Will into action with only brief, non-scorching strokes.

Alana pushed his shirt from his shoulders and tossed it away in the same direction hers had flown. She drew his newly freed hands to her back, letting him fumble with the clasp of her bra like a teenager while she draped herself across his exposed chest.

The press of her was sweet, just like her sweet eyes, sweet voice, sweet words, but not overpowering. He knew where he was and while he was certainly aroused, it was nothing like the dreams that left him burning, his guts seconds away from catching fire. He'd pictured her here before, in this bed, though not with him. That image sent something alight in him the way her careful presence didn't.

That *something* was missing, passion or rage or jealousy that made his stomach turn and cock fill. He was still aroused at the moment, but he didn't feel as if he was near combustion.

She drew his hands from her hips to her exposed breasts, soft under his rough fingers. Her sighs came slightly quicker as Will hesitantly moved his hands, caressing but not doing much more than that.

Her mouth found his own. The kiss was just like he remembered, pressing, languid, but not urgent, the tacky sensation of her lipstick noticeable. She withdrew after only a few seconds, just barely getting a taste of the inside of his mouth.

She shifted in Will's lap and looked over her shoulder where Hannibal was still reclining on the mattress, watching but making no move to join.

"Am I going to have to do all the work myself?" she teased.

"You're putting on quite the show, my dear." This was the first time Hannibal had spoken in the dim of his room, forcing his presence back to the forefront of Will's mind, not that it ever strayed far. The way his voice cradled the endearment sent blood rushing away from Will's brain, but replaced with a flow of green anger that he didn't care to examine. "I nearly forgot my place."

She giggled and crawled off Will's lap, her hand trailed down his side until it too was pulled away in favor of lavishing attention on the bed's other occupant.

Without hesitation, he captured her lips with his own. There was familiarity here, the way she parted for his kiss immediately, the twist of their tongues that had Alana mewling into his mouth and pawing at his shirt. His confident hands found the points on her exposed body that made her shiver like he'd already mapped them before.

He had, Will reminded himself. The only newcomer in this bedroom was him.

He was frozen. Ugly, boiling anger washed over him in wave upon wave as her pleasure mounted. Hannibal’s mask was stone, as usual, but he could feel himself in Alana’s skin, every trace of Hannibal's touch setting his body alight, his presence invading Will’s mouth and his rough thumbs tracing small circles around his sensitive nipples.

It was too much. When she began undoing the top buttons of Hannibal's shirt, he finally gained enough wherewithal to spring into action.

He crawled over, closing the small space between himself and the pair, and pulled Alana's shoulders back, restraining himself from turning his grip harsh. She leaned into him easily, following the careful movement, though her hands kept their trail down Hannibal's button-up. He tried to draw her hands away as well, but softly, though firmly, she resisted, she wanted to include both of them.

“L-let me,” he breathed shakily into her mouth.

For a second, he thought she wouldn't give in to him, but she relented after a moment of indecision, wanting both to trust Will and understand the relationship he shared with Hannibal.

He took Alana's spot at Hannibal's side, his shaky fingers reaching towards the buttons of his dress shirt as Hannibal watched with potent fascination. If he didn't do this, Alana would, and even though he knew it had happened before, more than once, he couldn't bear to see it at the moment.

Will popped a button. With Hannibal's shirt now halfway undone he could see the muscled panes of his chest, the thatch of light-colored chest hair, the small dip between his pectorals. He wanted to touch, the way he touched Alana’s chest, instead he just continued his path downward, his hands becoming no more stable the further south he went.

The swooping feeling in the pit of his stomach heightened with each inch of bare skin exposed, he was having a harder and harder time attributing the feeling to fear, but still he didn't want to acknowledge the way Hannibal's bare body called to him. He popped the last button of his shirt open, but his fingers had apparently decided they weren't done, moving to his dress pants in the next instant.

One of Hannibal's hands fell to Will’s hip, rubbing small encouraging circles into the flesh, just below the waistband of his slacks. With the button and zipper down, Will slowly drew his pants down his thighs and tried to keep his breaths even as Hannibal’s warm fingers slowly caressed him.

Hannibal lifted his hips in a smooth, elegant motion and allowed Will to fully remove his trousers, trailing his hand along Will’s back when it could no longer remain at his hip. Even though the touch was similar, it had a distinct weight that Alana’s didn’t. A tingle traveled down his spine and rested along his tailbone as Will ran his own fingers along the newly bared skin.

His legs were long, sturdy and packed with as much lithe muscle as the rest of him was. They stayed perfectly still under Will’s touch, but he knew how quickly their stillness could turn to powerful action.

The hands caressing Will’s back and shoulders left as the bed shifted. Alana made her presence known by stealing Hannibal's attention from the delicate path along Will’s back to her tender kiss. That burning lance of anger coursed through him once again, tinged with a healthy dose of shame — he’d forgotten her presence halfway down Hannibal’s shirt.

Shame didn't still him though, and anger propelled him forward. He threw his leg over Hannibal's exposed thighs and grabbed his hand from Alana's side, folding their fingers together so it couldn't try to escape again.

The trepidation he felt earlier seemed to vanish in the wake of other, more demanding emotions. Desire warmed his gut and he couldn't delude himself into believing that it was Alana’s gentle affection that twisted through him like a knife.

He tugged on Hannibal's hand, wanting his attention back but not wanting to draw Alana away again, but, as always, he seemed to know what Will wanted before the thought occurred, even though he often used that knowledge to Will’s detriment.

Hannibal pulled back from Alana’s lips, his expression painted with attractive self-satisfaction, not that Will could blame him. Honestly, what else was he supposed to feel other than confidently pleased with himself? He had two professionals melting at his touch — a psychiatrist to declare him sane and an FBI profiler to declare him innocent. He was the delusional aspiration other killers, even those poisoned by confidence and narcissism, dreamed towards.

“My dear, I believe it would be rude of us to ignore our guest.” With only a few words, she retreated, seemingly surprised, though pleased, that Will was so close.

He surged up Hannibal's body as soon as she gave him the space, urged by the pull of their joined hands and the angry, possessive part of him that didn't want to see Alana's lips on him anymore. Instead of kissing her this time, his lips found Hannibal's without hesitation. He tried to reason that he simply was kissing him so he wouldn’t have to see her do it, that if he kept Hannibal’s attention focused solely on him and his body, then the man wouldn’t be able to focus on Alana.

This was beginning to feel less and less like it was for her protection, if it ever was.

The sigh that left Will’s lips was deep and involuntary. His kiss was nothing like hers, there were no illusions of chastity as his mouth parted, drawing Will deeper into him.

Hannibal sucked on his tongue as it was coaxed into his mouth, nipping the muscle with his sharp canines as Will panted. They fit together like a knife into wet clay, slotting their sharp edges perfectly into each other's soft innards. Will’s free hand found Hannibal's neck and he tightened his grip on the delicate skin as he pulled him closer, quickening the flick of his tongue around Hannibal's own.

He almost jumped when he felt a second pair of lips on his skin.

Alana was kissing his shoulder, her soft hands trailing down towards his slacks and slipping just under the hem. Her warm breath graced his ear, she didn't seem to notice that his shoulder had slightly tensed under her touch. "Lift up your hips, Will. Those can't be comfortable," she sighed into his ear. Her words sent instinctive heat through him, but he found that he was frozen, unable to comply with her as Hannibal continued to intertwine his tongue with Will's own.

Hannibal withdrew, just quick enough for Will's hungry lips to not be able to stay connected. "Listen to her, *numylėtinis*. " One of Hannibal's hands was still intertwined with Will's, but the other trailed down his chest and over the small swell of his stomach. He didn't stop until he'd dipped his fingers into the hem as well. He leaned forward to whisper to him, just low enough that the other occupant of the bed could not hear him over Will's heavy breaths. "I want to *see* you."

Will shivered and raised his hips immediately, allowing her to drag down his pants and boxers after Hannibal swiftly unzipped them — quick enough to show he'd been in this position before. That thought sent more burning green anger through his chest that was succinctly quelled when he felt a palm rest against his newly freed cock.

He bucked into it, not considering who the hand might belong to, but he let out a small sigh that was barely recognizable as displeasure when the grip was gentle. It didn't hold him just on the wrong side of tight, it didn't torture him with a friction-filled slide that would leave him aching and sore.

Will hadn't known what he was searching for, but he knew Alana's soft hands would not give it to him.

For a moment, without Hannibal's mouth to distract him and Alana's hand pulling him out of the fevered heat of the moment, his mind regained a small bit of clarity. He pulled himself back and off him, his tongue still tingling with the spiced flavor of Hannibal's mouth.

He didn't know what came over him. One moment he was just trying to keep the couple separated, the next he was writhing in Hannibal's lap, trying to map out the inside of the man's mouth, feeling along the ridges of his teeth with his tongue. His cock was beginning to swell and it had far less to do with Alana's soft grip than he wanted to admit. He carefully pulled himself from her hand as well.

As soon as he collected himself, he noticed more rustling and touches that made his blood boil. Hannibal had finally moved from his sitting position to crawl over Alana, dragging heated kisses down her body until he reached her stomach. He caught Will's gaze for just a moment, and he could almost *hear* the challenge in his eyes over the cloying sounds Alana was gleefully letting out.

Hannibal clasped his teeth in her underwear and pulled, revealing a soft patch of dark hair and her wet entrance that should have sparked a much stronger reaction in Will than it did. He didn't understand what was going on with his body, he knew that he should want *her,* that he should be salivating at the chance to taste her.

Maybe he did still want to, or at least a part of him did, but a much larger part wanted to keep Hannibal away (to himself?) and to occupy his mouth so he wouldn't be able to touch anyone else.

But he couldn't just shove him away from her, as much as he wanted to. He'd just have to draw Hannibal's attention back to him.

Will didn't have the seductive gentleness of Alana's hands or the sharp snag of Hannibal's teeth, but he did his best with his own working fingers. He pulled Hannibal's silk boxers down, exposing even more muscles adorning his ass and thighs. As soon as they were cast aside, Will raised himself slightly up on his knees, just until he could reach Hannibal's hip with his teeth.

That got the man's attention, though Will had a feeling that it never truly trailed far from him that night.

Will kissed and nipped along the ridge of bone, leaving bruises and bites that became more harsh the longer Hannibal didn't turn his attention fully towards him. He began to move his mouth inward, pulling at more delicate skin until apparently Hannibal hit his breaking point.

He left his job half-finished, her underwear dangling off one leg as he pushed Will's shoulders down onto the bed. This time, Hannibal was the one to straddle him, throwing his leg across Will's own and using his knees to box him in.

Will threw his arms around the other man's shoulders and he descended upon him in the same instance, bringing their mouths back together. Even though this wasn't so different than how they'd just been, it was far more intimate. Will couldn't feel anything that wasn't *him.*

Hannibal went down to his elbows where they bordered Will's head, bringing their torsos flush. He felt completely encased by the other man, overwhelmed beautifully in a way he hadn't realized he desired. Hannibal drove his hips down and their cocks brushed, forcing a long, heavy moan to bloom from Will's lips.

There was no stopping his own hips from bucking up, chasing his pleasure and feeling held by the warm press of Hannibal's body completely surrounding him.

And then that addictive contact retreated, leaving him hard and cold and more than frustrated as he saw Alana bring his attention back to herself. He didn't move off Will's body entirely, but his mouth that had been occupied with Will's was now being pressed into her neck and his hands that had bordered Will's head had been guided to her breasts and stomach, trailing down towards her entrance.

Will couldn't watch. He also knew he couldn't leave and he couldn't participate in the way Alana wanted him to. He shuffled until his legs were out from under Hannibal — much to the man's obvious displeasure, though he didn't leave him hanging for long.

He folded his legs under himself and bent forward until his chest touched the mattress, near Hannibal's shifting lap. His face was in line with the long shaft of Hannibal's cock, his mouth was beginning to water.

He didn't wait for Hannibal's permission, or even a confused glance tossed his way before he sealed his lips over the red tip.

A soft groan graced his ears as he sucked. Already one of Hannibal's hands that had just been on Alana was raking down his back, creating deep red nail marks that would take more than a few hours to fade. Will couldn't say he had much experience in this, his gag reflex was already starting to try to push out the intrusion with the man's cock only a quarter of the way inside, but he still tried his best to suck and lick at the thick head.

He cast his eyes upwards to see Hannibal's heated attention solely focused on him as groans and sighs tumbled from his lips. Will saw a fair bit of surprise in his features, enough to break through the iron mask he typically wore, he hadn't expected that Will would go this far.

Hannibal trailed one of his hands to Will's hair and pulled just enough for it to sting. The slight pain combined with the taste of his precum had Will moaning with the man's cock still heavy in his mouth.

That grip in his hair turned stinging as Hannibal fisted it and dragged him off his cock. He didn't stop until Will’s lips were back on his own and he was licking the taste of himself from inside Will's mouth.

Will leaned more of his weight onto Hannibal, using the leverage of his knees to knock the man down to his elbows as Will drove his hips forward again, angrier and more insistent this time. He wanted *this* , and he didn't want to be interrupted until some resolution had taken place. He and Hannibal had spent so long in their entangled push and pull that this much contact, bare and without so many layers of obfuscation, pulled him in like a quickly receding tide. Will wanted to drown, to lose himself completely and disregard any worries to where this may lead.

He was stopped again though by gentle insistence. Will only barely restrained himself from groaning in reluctance; he had to chastise himself for feeling that reluctance in the first place. When he finally faced her, all he could notice was her surprise and confusion.

He jumped off Hannibal's body quickly as her thoughts trickled into him. As far as she was aware, Will and Hannibal were not sexually or romantically involved — and she was right on that front, if nowhere else — so she hadn't even really expected Will to agree to this, much less jump into it with the fervor he had as soon as he was persuaded into action.

She’d expected him to focus on her, that perhaps she'd have to convince him to allow Hannibal to show him any attention. Obviously she knew that both men wanted her, she was attractive and kind and smart, with no misguided perceptions of her own desirability, so Will couldn't blame her for expecting to be the focal point.

Perhaps it would've been wiser if she *had* been. In all honesty, the smartest decision would have been to reject them before it even got this far, but Will was already in the trenches, and there was nothing, no spark of anxiety or discomfort that would drive him out. He *wanted* this, as much as he knew he shouldn't.

She smiled as she saw Will partially retreat though. She thought he was giving her space to crawl in between them, so she gladly took the chance. Already that flare of anger was beginning to return, but his eyes widened when he realized what she was preparing to do.

As put together as she was, Alana was not above carnal desires — clearly. She had her own versions of depravity that the other occupant of this bed would consider far from indulgences. It wasn't just her own curiosity that brought her here, despite her genuine desire to understand the relationship between the two men she'd fallen in with, she also desired the new experience they could bring.

Will knew what she was thinking, and from the way her throat bobbed and thighs clenched, she was eager to try. She'd never taken two men at once before, and she was too professional and put together to seek out the experience on her own, but she had a touch of Hannibal's opportunistic streak, she wouldn't back away from the chance to try to enact one impulse she might not get to experience otherwise.

She brought Hannibal's hand down from where it had been caressing her side to press his fingers at her entrance. She enjoyed the foreplay, a bit of preparation before she would sink onto him fully. There were condoms on the nightstand, but she didn't reach for one, not yet anyway, which gave Will a bit of time to panic.

He couldn't watch that, but he also couldn't leave, knowing that the same thing would occur if he left. He'd also pulled her away one too many times tonight and he couldn't offer kisses when the couple was gearing up for something deeper.

Will put two fingers in his own mouth and did his best to shut off his mind. He wasn't really successful, his mind wasn't one that was ignored easily, but physical sensations did a hell of a job distracting it, especially ones that he did not have much experience in.

As soon as his fingers were coated, he brought them to his own entrance, watching the couple as Hannibal worked Alana with his own. Will pushed both inside at the same time, though it was too much, too dry, far too fast. It *burned,* but he couldn't waste time opening himself nice and slow. Alana was already getting worked up, though Hannibal seemed to pacify her slightly by rubbing his thumb against her clit.

Will saw the moment that Hannibal returned his gaze to him and realized what he was doing. His fingers stopped moving for a moment and his eyes widened just a fraction. On him, that was the equivalent of a full on gasp and jaw drop. For the first time that night, Will felt that he'd won one of the small battles they'd been fighting the entire evening, though he was pretty sure that the war wouldn't end in his favor.

He scissored his fingers back and forth while Hannibal kept Alana occupied. His eyes were challenging, and he was only helping Will as far as it would benefit himself. Hannibal would push him, he always had, and if Will took too long, lingered in his indecision like he was prone to do, then he would fuck Alana right in front of him.

It was a promise and a threat. Will saw it clear as day.

He didn’t bother to add a third finger. Alana was already sighing and repositioning herself, ready to turn around and show Hannibal her back so she could give Will some attention as well — he was out of time.

Will jumped in the moment she got off his lap to turn around. She almost seemed annoyed when Will took her spot, though Will was willing to stand her mild irritation if it prevented what he could not bear to see. He was about to line himself up and spear himself on Hannibal’s cock immediately, when he heard a dark, rich chuckle bloom from the man.

“So eager,” he said to Will lowly, caressing his flanks with the same gentle reverence he showed when he spoke of Will’s metamorphosis. He glanced over Will’s shoulder and gave a conspiratorial whisper to the bed’s third occupant, as if they were working together to manage Will’s unruly behavior rather than pushing Alana’s desires to the sidelines. “I believe our dear Will has a request.” A heated tingle started in the back of Will’s neck under the other man’s attention and flooded through his veins until his blood was humming. “Don’t you?”

The bastard was going to make him say it, of course he was.

“I…I want-” Hannibal was smiling at him as he tried to speak. Not a wide smile, he doubted Alana could see past his patient facade, but Will saw the small smirk for what it was. It infuriated him and set him alight in equal measure. Suddenly, all his hesitation vanished in a puff of smoke. “I want you to fuck me.”

He heard Alana gasp from behind him, not harshly, more a quick intake of breath, but even with Will perched the way he was and his actions earlier that night, she hadn’t expected him to ask for this, demand it really.

Hannibal clearly did though, because all he did was reach into the drawer of the nightstand and withdraw a small jar of unscented lube. He coated his cock immediately as Will watched him palm himself. Will swallowed, taking in the length of Hannibal’s cock with his eyes and wondering if it would even fit inside of him, if he was even stretched enough.

It was large enough that the doubt was definitely there.

He glanced back towards Alana, so careful and ready to step in should Will show any signs of discomfort. She was curious too though, anxious to see a side of them she hadn't seen before. Will sorely wished that she wasn't there at the moment, for this intimacy he and Hannibal were about to share to be between just them, though he knew that without the threat of her to motivate him, they would have never gotten this far.

Hannibal's breath ghosted at the shell of his ear, whispering to him softly. “Turn around, *numylėtinis* . We must at least pretend that you want her here.”

Will’s arms and legs shook as he positioned himself on his hands and knees, looking up at Alana's soft features, not the angular ones of the man shifting on the bed behind him. One of his hands held Will's hip in a strong grip, caging and vice-like, the other positioned his cock right at Will’s hole.

He trembled, hating the show of weakness in front of the man he tried so hard to despise. This would hurt, he knew it would, especially since his fingers had hurt as well, but he would bear it for the sake of keeping the other two apart.

Hannibal's cock at his hole retreated and Will almost turned around to glare at him when a couple wet fingers pushed inside him instead. Immediately they began scissoring back and forth, reaching deeper than Will's own and caressing his soft walls far more dexterously than Will had.

"N-no I already-"

"I don't want to hurt you, Will. That is not the point of our evening." While one of his skilled hands worked him open, grazing against his prostate, making his back arch and a string of moans tumble from his lips, his other buried itself in Will's curls, pushing his head forward and down. "Why don't you make some use of your mouth while you're at it?"

Alana's gorgeous thighs bordered his head and her entrance was wet and tasted sweet upon his tongue — salty and warm, like a more concentrated taste of sucking sweat off skin. He sucked at her clit and licked around her inner walls, trying to keep his concentration as Hannibal pushed a third finger inside.

Initially he thought the wet, squelching sound was coming from the moments of his mouth and tongue, but as he felt Hannibal pumping him faster and deeper, he realized they were coming from his own entrance.

Hannibal's preparations were nothing like Will's frantic fingers — just trying to spread himself enough that he wouldn't tear and bleed. He mapped out the chamber with the diligence of a cartographer, making this less of a preparation for the main act, but a blissful, heated experience in its own right.

He could understand why Alana had wanted to spend so much time on his hand now.

Eventually the fingers ceased their movements though, and Will took the moment of concentration to double down on his efforts at pleasing Alana. He only had a few seconds to deeply flick his tongue around — apparently doing something right if her heavy pants were to be believed — before he felt those fingers inside of him spread his hole wide.

The cool air of the room only plagued him for a moment before Hannibal's thick cock was replacing his fingers.

Will wasn't able to keep his mouth working like he was supposed to, not when deep, punched out groans were tumbling from his throat as Hannibal pressed inside. He was gentle, tentative, using small, slow thrusts that gradually deepened with every rock.

Despite the reserved pace, he was relentless. He didn't stop or slow, the thrusts just became heavier and quicker until he finally stilled inside of him when their hips were pressed together entirely.

Will's mouth had fallen from Alana entirely as he gasped against the bedsheets, a spot of drool leaking from his lips as Hannibal struck his prostate with every single thrust. Will's own cock was dangling full and heavy in between his legs. He wouldn't last long like this, not with this utterly new sensation coursing through him.

He'd experimented before — pleasuring himself seemed like an easy escape from his messed up brain, though most of his attempts didn't really seem to go anywhere.

Hannibal's cock, carving out a space for itself inside him, was so far removed from the confused explorations of Will's fingers that it felt insulting to even attempt to compare them. He began to thrust into Will, slowly at first but picking up the pace and each time striking deep inside of him.

The soft grip in his hair turned harsh, which only added to Will's vicious arousal. He didn't stop his long strokes for a second as he spoke in that sinful, rich tone. "Oh Will, I know you can do better than that."

Will whined and picked up his efforts again, licking her with a stuttered tongue and moaning directly inside of her. He knew Hannibal was wearing a mask right now, a heavy one that placed him high on a pedestal and allowed him to control the room and the desires of its occupants with ease.

"Alana dear? Make sure Will doesn't get away again." Will felt her shudder against him and wrap her legs around his head. They were both completely under his spell now, going at exactly the pace he wanted and still writhing in pleasure. With Alana still here, Will could't turn around and face him, bare his teeth, tear at his throat, and take back some of the control that Hannibal wielded like a perfectly balanced sword.

Or a scalpel, if the man's inclinations were taken into account.

Hannibal picked up his pace again making wet slaps resound throughout the room. Will cried out as he felt his peak rush towards him, feeling like he was about to fall off an edge when suddenly a strangling tightness wrapped around the base of his cock, forcing his orgasm to retreat right before it could burst from him.

Will groaned and whined in protest, but Hannibal did not move his hand. He stilled inside him as well, just grinding down against his prostate and holding him tight. "Ah ah Will, don't be rude. Ladies first."

He knew the other man didn't give a damn about propriety at this moment, but Will was violently reminded that he was currently being fucked by one of the most horrific sadists the BSU had ever seen. His iron mask had slipped just a crack, not enough for Will to exploit, especially with the third in the room, but enough to let a fraction of that self-amusing monster out to play.

Will couldn't protest, not verbally anyway, and honestly couldn't say that he wanted to. Alana tasted sweet and Hannibal was still grinding against that spot inside him that had him keening — Will could hold off, stand the pain of staved off release until she was satisfied.

He flicked his tongue faster, trying to reach deeper and to tell himself it was because he wanted to feel her pleasure. If he allowed himself a touch of private honesty though, his motivations were entirely selfish. He wanted to come on Hannibal's cock, to have the man stoke that burning pit inside him until he overflowed.

Hannibal picked up his pace again and Alana began to buck into his mouth as he sucked on her clit. Her thighs clenched tightly and she gasped out a high moan while Will's already-wet mouth was coated even further.

She collapsed back onto the bed, her legs twitching slightly and hair splayed while Hannibal released his tight grip on Will's cock and picked up his pace. Both his hands found Will's hips and he used the leverage to slam him down onto his waiting cock, meeting every one of his thrusts as deeply as he could go.

The sounds spilling from Will's mouth were a string of moans, nonsense words, and broken bits of Hannibal's name. He pushed himself up on his elbows so that he could push back, meet every one of Hannibal's thrusts with his own, rocketing himself towards the edge once again.

He came with a resounding cry, finishing all over Hannibal's bedsheets and his own stomach. Hannibal followed after a few more punishing thrusts that had Will squirming under him. Will felt the rush of come flow into him and push out of him around Hannibal's cock, still plugging him full. It dripped down his thighs obscenely — Will couldn't even imagine how he looked from behind.

He probably didn't want to know. With how long Hannibal was spending stilled inside him, just looking and lightly squeezing the flesh of Will's ass, he was obviously pleased.

After a few more long moments, Hannibal slipped out of him, drawing out an uncomfortable whine from Will's throat. He flopped down on the bed, pulling Will into his embrace. Alana was on the other side of him, completely blocked from Will's view in the position he was in, though he could see her hands snaking down Hannibal's shoulder as she relaxed as well.

Soon, sooner than he probably wanted, he would have to deal with the repercussions of this, of what he just allowed and encouraged, but for now, he let himself be held and pretended that there was no blood to be shed and no lies to perpetuate.

End Notes

numylėtinis - darling

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